

"It is—that we would thence create
Bright memory of the past,
And give their imaged form a date
Eternally to last.
It is—to hallow, whilst regret
Is busy with their actions yet,
The sweetnesses they cast,
To sanctify upon the earth
The glory of departed worth."

The wealthy purchase and cultivate exotics at considerable expense for this purpose: but the poor are obliged to have recourse to the polyanthus, laurel, and our most showy wild flowers for bedecking their little mounds. On passing through a churchyard on the day called Flowering Sunday, it recalls many recollections; there is evidence that the dead are not forgotten, although years may have elapsed since they were snatched from us; and that strong feelings of affection remain. The following lines were composed in connection with this interesting custom:—

"The sun shone brightly o'er the graves
That scattered lay around the place,
And now and then an April shower
Left on the wavy mounds a trace;
When forth my little boy and I
Together went; his dawning powers
Of mind, inquiring how and why,
The graves were all bestrew'd with flowers.

"I told him that a mother's love
Flowers on her buried darling laid,

Because her heart still yearned for him
Who mouldered with the early dead:
And that a sister fondly here,
A brother, with affection, there
Around these graves, mementos threw
Of their undying love and care.

" 'Well Father,' said my little boy,
 'Would you or mother wish to see
The pretty flowers that come so soon,
Lie on a little grave o'er me?'
 'Why no, my boy,' to him I said;
 'We would not wish that you should die,
Though young and pure your infant heart,
And, dying, going to heaven on high.'

" 'But what is death? and why should all
Die, and be put into the ground?'
My little boy inquired—and then
Look'd to my face, with thought profound;
Thus questioned by a simple child,
The father, man, had no reply;
The child's awakening mind soar'd far
Beyond the man's world-clouded eye.

"And as we went adown the hill,
He whisper'd, 'Father,' with a sigh,
 'I wish you'd tell me, if you please,
Why men and children all must die?'
Ah! why indeed? why should the babe,
With dimpled chin, and rosy face,
The youth, just fresh from boyhood's dreams,
With eye of pride, and step of grace—
Why should the man, whose ken takes in
Life's beauty—its unclouded sky—
Ah! why should these, and why should all
Just breathe, look round, live, love, and die?